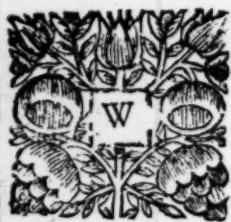


The Manner of the Barbarous Murther of *R. Sharpe* J A M E S, Late Lord Arch-Bishop of St. Andrews, Primate and Metropolitan of all Scotland,

And one of his Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council of that Kingdom; *May 3. 1679.*



When Rome, by Godfrey's Death, had proudly shown
 The greatest Horror could by Man be done;
 Hell stood amaz'd a while, and blusht to see
 It self out done by Romish Cruelty:
 At length, Grim Lucifer the Silence broke;
 And to his Imps, in furious tone he spoke:

See yonder reeking Murder! Come, lets sit
 In strong debate, and strive to rival it;
 Or else, as Novices, to Rome wee'l go,
 And send the Pope to Mount our Throne below.

In hot dispute, the black Cabal had spent
 A little Time, when with a full Consent,
 It was resolv'd; Ten Furies, who exprest
 A greater Love to Blood, than all the rest,
 Should with as many Scottish Ruffians Joyn
 To act, on Pious SHARP, this Damn'd Design;
 For, who that knows that Murder, can (indeed)
 Think it by any here on Earth Decreed?
 When every horrid Circumstance does tell,
 It could be Plotted no where but in Hell:
 Though some sad Mortals do delight in Blood,
 They could not be thus Wicked, if they wou'd.
 For what Infernal could enhance the Guilt,
 More than in this, A Prelates Blood was Spilt!

Whose Sacred Function, was enough to quell
 The Thoughts of Vengeance in an Infidell.
 But yet nor this, nor's Silver colour'd Hairs,
 His Learning, Piety, his Daughters Pray'rs;
 His Virtues, Prudence, Loyalty, nor Age,
 Were Charms enough, to stop these Ruffians Rage:
 Who only therefore Long'd to shed his Blood;
 Because they knew him Innocent, and Good:
 That so their Crime might unexampled seem,
 Not in the Murder, but in Murthering him.

Nor does the manner of this Murder, less
 The heighth of their Impiety exprest:
 Behold! how like a Dog, they Haul and Draw
 Him from his Coach, not fearing Heav'n nor Law!
 See, how the Coach-man Tumbles from his Box;
 And poor Postillion fell'd, like Fatted Ox!
 Whil'st on her Knees, the weeping Daughter Craves
 Her Father's Life, and's threatned by the Slaves!
 Whil'st others, by a Show'r of Passes Given,
 Let out his Blood, and send his Soul to Heaven!

If any Villians, for the Future, wou'd
 Know the worst way, to dip their Hands in Blood,
 Let them to Scotland go, to end that Strife,
 This Prelate's Fall, will Teach them to the Life!